




# Prospectus



With unexpected intimacy,  
a canoe measures us . . .  
welcomes our human width . . .  
encourages us with applause sustained by the dip of a paddle tip.  
It's easy.  
It's hard . . .  
upon our return  
to the banks of an injured river.  
Muscles amid mussels,  
we are the bug-bitten  
swarm  
of colorful T-shirts  
who, like tadpoles along the shore,  
dream of leapfrogging  
toward  
little miracles:



-  two bare feet visible under 48 inches of freshwater . . .  
clear
-  the orange calligraphy of a mulberry's descent through muddy shale . . .  
current
-  the softshell turtle seeking refuge for her eggs . . .  
bearings

Unfazed by bandits  
whose refuse we refuse,  
we move in confluence . . .  
banks, interest, return, flow.  
Our footprints mint the fresh pieces  
of green currency . . .  
whose economy is a wholly owned subsidiary  
of the natural world.



Return on investment?  
Another year of change . . .  
deposited in bags . . .  
ensuring those who follow  
remain aware . . .  
and prepared to inherit  
a wealth we've come to know  
with unexpected intimacy.

